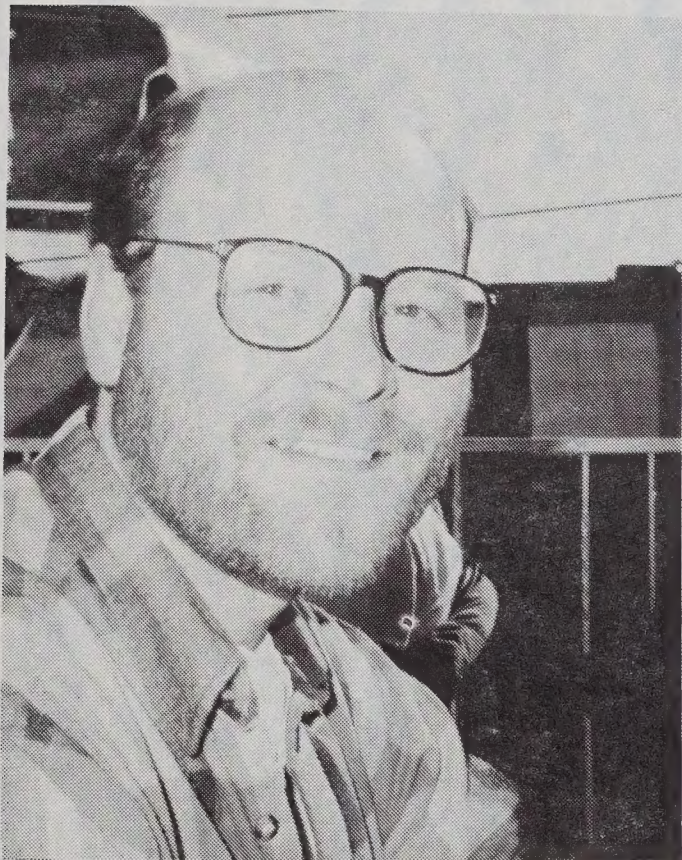




Ron Braithwaite

September 29, 1960 - November 13, 1994



Ronald C. Braithwaite was born on September 29, 1960 at Marin General Hospital. He spent his childhood in Marin County. Some of his favorite activities were playing Dungeons & Dragons, hiking and backpacking around Mt. Tam and elsewhere in Northern California. He participated in Drama in High School (which friends note continued on in his adult life!). His mother took him to see "On a Clear Day" which began his love of Barbra Streisand. Ron loved his dog, Pandi, and recently enjoyed his new dog, Shelby. Once, he tried to sneak a BIG BIG Hershey's bar home from the store under his shirt. He and little sister, Kim, eagerly anticipated the short ride home and gorging on all that chocolate. But this day, a Sunday, his mom decided she wanted to go for a long drive in the country; the candy bar melted and molded itself to Ron's chest, ruining his shirt. This story illustrates a theme of Ron's life: He couldn't enjoy anything he didn't get fair and square. He graduated from San Rafael High School in 1978, and from San Francisco State University (Business major) in 1984. Ron appreciated tradition spending almost every New Year's Eve with his friends in Marin.

Ron developed a passion for politics and volunteered for the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club for several years. He served as its president for two years and its co-chair for one. Ron devoted countless hours to the club, receiving the 1991 Volunteer of the Year award. Mayor Agnos appointed him to the Family Policy Task Force convened to help define San Francisco's family policies. This appointment was fitting since Ron loved his family and his family of friends. He was loyal to friends and helped many of them in their times of difficulty. Ron enjoyed working for Schwab and the fond friendships with his co-workers. Ron was a boisterous, energetic and fun-loving person. His sense of humor, warmth, acceptance and forgiving were always strong and present. He is the son of Boyd and the late Rae Marie, brother of Kim, brother-in-law of David, great nephew of Evie, dear friend of Ann and domestic partner of Manuel. Ron is also survived by his cats Della and Garbo and dog Shelby and many friends and colleagues.

Rosary and Mass
11:00 A.M.
Saturday, 19 November 1994
Blessed Sacrament Church
San Rafael

Pallbearers
Mark Burns Tony Ives
Andrew Hirss Joe Riekema

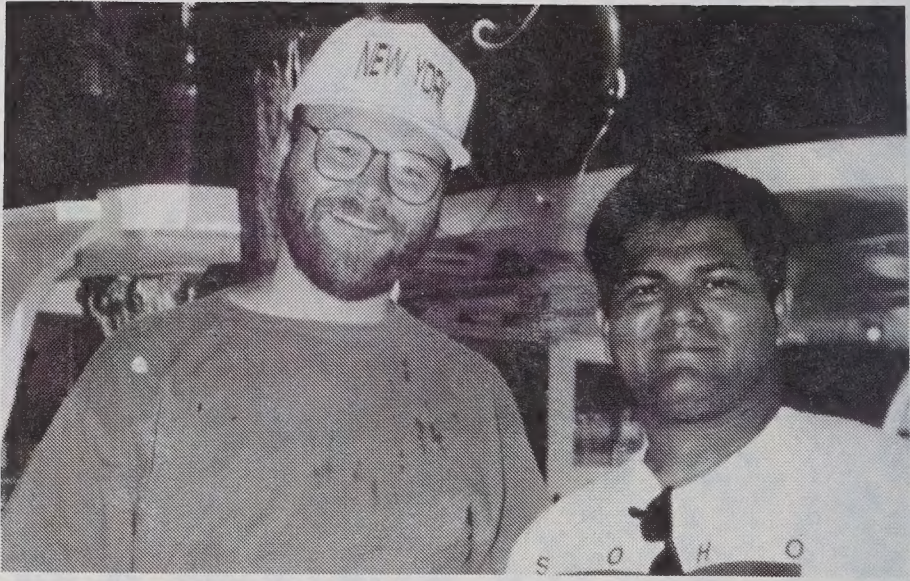
Honorary Pallbearers
Dennis Edelman Lester Olmstead-Rose
Greg Jahnke Kathleen Prata
Ken Jones Victor Rosario

Eulogy
Joe Riekema
Barbara M. Cameron
Andrew Hirss
Open for Friends and Colleagues

Interment
Mt. Tamalpais Cemetary

Celebration of Ron's life following burial
5 Village Court
San Rafael

Nov 19, 1994
(+556)



Ron's family and Manuel gratefully acknowledge the generosity of the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club and extends deep appreciation to the many friends who provided support to Ron during his illness.

unconditional love of him softened his emotional and physical pain.

When I think of Ron, I'll remember his love of his family and his unconditional love of them. In final, I close with a short poem by e. e. cummings:

IN THE TIME OF DAFFODILS (WHO KNOW

in time of daffodils (who know
the goal of living is to grow)
forgetting why, remember how

in time of lilacs who proclaim
the aim of waking is to dream,
remember so (forgetting seem)

in time of roses (who amaze
our now and here with paradise)
forgetting if, remember yes

in time of all sweet things beyond
whatever mind may comprehend,
remember seek (forgetting find)

and in a mystery to be
(when from time shall set us free)
forgetting me remember me



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Eulogy for Ron

The singular rose remains closed
its petals refusing to open,
refusing to cry, sitting in the
stillness of its beauty, soft dew
the only companion. Somewhere
on a high hill are your steps
now disappearing into the wind.

I traversed my memories of Ron in search of the ultimate memory or image that defines him for me. I'll always remember Ron's peculiar interpretation of other people's recipes - his many pounds of baked rice which had many pounds of sliced potatoes inside, his basil chicken, the chicken he purchased from the Price Club and it was guaranteed that you definitely chewed the recommended times that one is supposed to chew food, the tortilla chip egg breakfast thing that he made on one of our weekends in Bodega Bay that caused Ken Jones to ask, Ron, Did you forget the eggs? There was of course the bridge games and listening to Ron and Linda having their philosophical discussions. I was constantly amazed at their ability to repeat each other and believe, in their smugness, that they had arrived at entirely new and unknown concepts. In my boredom I began to call them Pete and Repete which they simply did not understand. There were several times in our friendship when he simply accommodated my moods or emotional needs. He spent an entire evening with me when I was extremely distraught over the death of my cat. We spent hours that evening talking about life and death and probably having a Pete and Repete experience since we had drunk about \$30.00 of tequila. Even in the heat of his political work which he loved, he found time to have those special moments with his friends outside of politics. I can recount many instances of his thoughtfulness as recently as this summer when he was weak from his illness and yet he made me his carrot soup as surprise. This was after I mentioned how much I loved his carrot soup. But what I truly loved about Ron was his devotion to his family, his love of his family. His family attended the annual Alice B. Toklas Democratic Dinner when he was president of the club. This meant so much to him. It brought tears to his eyes later when he discussed it. He enjoyed spending time with his father and the meals his father cooked. Ron so admired and respected his precious Aunt Evie. He loved to tell stories about growing up with his sister Kim. And he very much loved his friend Ann who is part of his family. He spoke of Ann a great deal this summer and sometimes would do a sweet impersonation of how she lovingly spoke to him on the phone. Ann, I especially want you to know that he treasured you, your unconditional love of him softened his emotional and physical pain.



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ALC 63
CAMERON

SUBJ.

EULOGY FOR RON BEAUMHURTE

(Sept. 29 - 1960 -
Nov. 13, 1994)

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